

A Taste of Something New by hopelesslyromanticshipperttrash

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Summary:

Nancy and Steve reunite. Nancy wants Jonathan to stay as well. What follows is a clumsy step into something new.

A Taste of Something New

Author's Note:

I haven't marked this as underage as I believe the three are all at least 16/17 but if I'm wrong and it needs changing please let me know! Also I apologise for all the tense shifts, it's one thing I've gotten a bit bad at with my writing.

Jonathan pressed his lips together as he watched Steve lightly kissing the side of Nancy's neck. He was trying to, supposed to be watching the movie, but the action out of the side of his view was drawing him in, making him feel both hot and uncomfortable at the same time. Steve's mouth was soft and languid on Nancy's pale skin but his movements were becoming subtly more needy, and Nancy's soft "mmm" noises were getting a little breathier.

He shifts awkwardly on the couch, realising his hard-on has been straining more against his jeans than he'd thought. He stretches, trying to seem as casual as possible as Steve and Nancy glance over.

"I should get going, 's getting late."

"Nah man, stay awhile," Steve flashes him the easy smile that no doubt made him the popular kid in the first place.

Jonathan is dumbfounded. Steve can barely keep his hands off Nancy, surely he's desperate to be rid of him? Jonathan looks to Nancy. Her cheeks are flushed, and she looks up at Steve, awkwardly twisting her head. There's a look Jonathan can't quite place, they're silently exchanging an agreement. He feels intensely self conscious when she looks back at him.

"Do you want to stay?" she asks quietly.

"I think he wants to," Steve cuts in softly, with a smirk. His eyes are kind and Jonathan is so thrown by that it takes him a moment to realise that the two of them are now gazing at the prominent bump in his crotch.

Great. Jonathan thought he had experienced maximum embarrassment the time his mum found him looking at the underwear models in the Sears catalogue when he was 13 but this definitely tops that.

"I'll see you guys later," he mumbles, bolting off the couch at lightning speed, until a surprise touch makes him turn around.

Nancy is standing behind him, her sweet face crinkled a little with contrition at his embarrassment, and something tentative.

"Please stay."

"I-I don't understand."

Her eyes are a little hazy with desire, but soft and warm like they've always been. Even if Steve wanted to play a joke on him, she wouldn't.

Nancy leans in and after a second he realises he's feeling her lips on his. He jerks back, but Steve is still sat behind her on the couch. He's watching them lazily.

Nancy is now softly stroking his arm, he can feel her watching him as he meets Steve's gaze.

"Is this...some kind of joke?"

He looks wildly between Steve and Nancy. Steve looks...not quite amused? Interested...but in what?

Nancy looks contrite, conflicted...aroused?

"Just...ask him Nancy?" Steve says.

"Um...we just wondered, if you'd like to stay." Nancy is wringing her hands, which Jonathan has only ever seen her do when she's nervous.

Several awkward seconds pass. Jonathan can feel his heart pounding, he thinks he knows what they're suggesting now and he feels another throb in his crotch at the thought of it.

Steve lets out an awkward laugh. "What, you're only into watching?"

"N-No."

His cheeks are red hot as he meets Nancy's gaze again. Stiffly, she leans in.

Statuelike he can't move, can't breathe as she leans in and presses her lips against his own again. He can't feel anything but his crazy runaway heartbeat and all the tension in his body.

As she pulls back he notices Steve getting up and whispers something in her ear. She nods vaguely while he stands dumbly, then it's just them.

"Do you want me to drive you home?" Nancy's voice is almost a whisper. She runs a hand through her hair, then leans in to whisper in his ear. "I want you to stay."

Something in Jonathan finally breaks. This might be his only chance to properly kiss and hold Nancy, and he's been dying to do that ever since their paths crossed. Watching Steve hug her and hold her and kiss her and run his hands over her subtle curves had been driving him mad for weeks. He didn't know he was capable of the kind of lust and desire that would have him locking his bedroom door every time he got home after seeing her to manically jack off, picturing her face and her lips and her slender frame as he came.

Nancy tastes so good, sweet and soft. He pulls her possessively to him as if she'd been his girlfriend the whole time, and their way her lips meld just as desperately against his drives him over the edge, his background arousal coming to the fore as he grinds against her needily, sliding his hand down her back to squeeze her ass. She breaks the kiss to let out a moan and he bends his head to attack her neck with grabbing kisses, laving his tongue over and over, dimly delighting in the increasing volume of her pleasure noises.

"Jonathan," she manages to prise him off with a breathy laugh. "You're going to make my legs buckle. D-Do you want to go upstairs?"

Jonathan remembers Steve with a jolt and wonders if he's sat naked

on the bed. Picturing him lying surrounded by rose petals and candlelight seems faintly ridiculous for a moment.

"You don't have to kiss him," Nancy murmurs, idly stroking his arm.

"Does he really want me there? It's not going to work if we're both just fighting over you."

"You know Steve," Nancy grinned, making the situation seem almost normal again. "He wouldn't have agreed if he wasn't."

Jonathan's mind quietly buzzes as Nancy leads him upstairs, her hand in his. He doesn't allow himself to think about it 99% of the time because he doesn't know what to do with it, but he beats off to guys too, all the time. He's never thought of himself as gay, he doesn't want to kiss or date any guy, but he thinks about jerking them off when he does it, thinks about them coming when he comes.

The thought of seeing and touching Steve Harrington's cock feels so much more overwhelming than he realises. Why hadn't he considered that before he decided to let Nancy lead him up the stairs? He'd never been the kind of guy who let his dick make decisions for him before. Though maybe that was the reason his life had been so dull before.

Jonathan feels like a bashful kid standing in the doorway of Steve's expensive but simple bedroom. He's immensely relieved to see that Steve isn't naked, or already beating off, but just chilling on the bed with a book. His face brightens when he sees Jonathan in a way that couldn't possibly be insincere.

"Glad you could join us."

Nancy joins him on the bed and he gives her a long lingering kiss, curling his arm around her waist. When he breaks off, as Jonathan is closing the door he hears him murmur - "Were you just kissing him? That's hot".

He looks over at Jonathan who doesn't know what to do with himself. "Come here dude. Plenty of room."

He whispers something to Nancy that Jonathan doesn't quite catch, but she stands up and moves to the end of the bed as Jonathan sits

down.

"I thought Nancy would give us a bit of a show."

Nancy slowly begins to strip, peeling her jumper off over her head and shaking out her thick curls. Jonathan can feel the ache in his trousers intensifying almost unbearably as she pulls off her shirt. He's never seen a girl in just her bra before, not in real life. Not this close.

He tears his eyes away as Steve shuffles closer to him on the bed.

"You want some help with that, man?"

He gestures at the bulge in Jonathan's jeans. Jonathan's throat is so dry. This feels like it should be a joke, any minute now Steve will whip out a camera and start laughing at him. But he doesn't. He leans in as if they're sharing an important secret. "Why don't we get your shirt off first."

Jonathan nods dumbly, raising his arms as Steve helps his t shirt off. Steve is smiling crookedly at him and Jonathan can see what Nancy does at last, the gangly rich boy attractiveness. Steve lightly traces his hand down Jonathan's bare chest then tightly cups the bulge, making him cry out. He looks back to Nancy who has just finished taking off her jeans and socks, and is slowly sliding down her bra strap, gazing with open desire at them both.

The anticipation has Jonathan having to close his eyes for a moment, his breathing getting faster and faster as Steve unbuttons his jeans with tantalisingly slowness, peeling the zipper downwards with that exquisitely indulgent noise of impending sex.

Nancy has climbed on the bed in her underwear, and Jonathan can see the damp patch against the grey cotton of her panties. He's so desperate to smell and taste her.

"Like what you see?" Steve asks.

"Uh-huh," Jonathan nods firmly as Steve prises down his jeans to get to his boxers. He meets Nancy's eyes and they exchange desperate desire.

"I bet you jerk it to her all the time, don't you," Steve murmurs, moving his hand away for a second to whip off his own t shirt.

"I do," Jonathan says quietly, directly to Nancy this time. He sees her intake of breath at this, and she reaches behind her to take off her bra.

"Fuck," he barely breathes. The tension in his cock is unbearable now.

Everything seems to happen in slow motion. Jonathan unashamedly drinks in the raw beauty of Nancy's breasts, soft and round with rose tips. A bolt of pleasure shoots through him and he realises Steve is now pumping his cock, while sliding his other hand up and down his own. For a while he has to close his eyes, the intensity of the pleasure consuming his whole being.

When he manages to open them again, he sees Nancy has propped herself against Steve and her own hand is in her panties, the fingers moving against herself. The look of pure ecstasy on her face is the most erotic thing he's ever seen and he realises he's never thought about what Nancy pleasuring herself would look like. The thought of her in this state on a regular basis, hair slightly mussed, one hand cupping her small breast as she rubs a finger against her wet clit over and over again is overwhelming, and as Steve's hand speeds up he manages to meet her hazy pleasure filled gaze with his own, only moments before he gasps through his orgasm and messily shoots all over Steve's hand.

Nancy follows almost immediately, and as his breathing dies down a little he watches her moan louder and higher, her legs jerking as she comes with a loud long cry.

Slowly returning to himself, Jonathan watches Nancy shift over and begin to pump Steve's cock for him. Her movements are deft as she expertly alternates between slow, deliberate strokes all the way along his shaft to faster more frenzied movements around the head of his cock. Jonathan takes in Steve's unsteady moans and the thickness of his cock and feels his own cock twitching even though it has only just released. He presses his lips together, a storm of desire and confusion merging inside him as he sees Nancy bring Steve to the edge until the boy cries her name, the white liquid spurting onto her hand.

The comedown is longer and more dreamlike than Jonathan could have imagined as the three recline on Steve's bed. Nancy has shifted to the middle and Jonathan lightly snuggles into her, gently inhaling the delicious floral scent of her hair as he softly strokes it with his fingers.

"Your hair smells really good," he whispers.

It's strange. He knows Steve is there. He wants a moment with Steve like he's getting right now with Nancy, although he's so content right now that that's not bothering him. He also feels like he's willing to be a little more daring, and slowly moves his arm from around Nancy's waist, daring to slide it up her stomach to cup one of her breasts. They fit perfectly in his hand, a knowledge that makes his cock stir as he squeezes the plump globe in his hand, lapping up Nancy's quiet gasp with all his being.

"Gotta pee. Keep her warm for me Byers."

Nancy playfully kicks Steve as he clammers off the bed, holding his hands up in a "joking!" gesture and the weirdness of their situation hits Jonathan all over again. He lets the silence soak in for a few moments, then meets her gaze once he's managed to drag his eyes up from her perfect breasts.

"Like what you see?" Her tone is bashfully pleased but he can detect the nuances of shyness underneath it.

"Steve is a lucky guy. I see why he can't keep his hands off you. Not that I would be able to either." He punctuates his last sentence with a light grope of her ass. Her eyes seem so bright and warm as she smiles.

"Speak for yourself." She runs her hand down his smooth chest and he realises in all the time he's spent processing how hot Steve and Nancy are, he'd forgotten that less than an hour earlier they were kissing. She's thought he was hot too. This whole damn time.

They sit up a little, and just as Steve is coming back into the room, Jonathan says "Are we going to make this a regular thing?"

"What do you want to do?"

"I-I think it's my turn for the bathroom," Nancy says, and Jonathan swears he sees another look pass briefly between the pair as she pads to the bathroom, all long legs and beauty.

"I didn't get around to doing something earlier," Steve says and he sounds so casual that Jonathan is amazed when he leans down and places his lips on him.

This kiss is so different from Nancy's. Steve's breath is warm, he tastes less sweet than Nancy, smells of cologne and musk and sweat. Jonathan is pulling him closer and moaning into his mouth when they're barely into the second kiss, his whole body already on fire with desire all over again.

They break off, both breathing hard.

"I wasn't just jealous of Nancy when you two got pally," Steve admits, running a hand through his hair.

"This whole thing was your idea."

Steve nods, still eyeing Jonathan's mouth.

"Look. I'm not sure how this would work. But I'd like it to be more than a one time thing."

Jonathan hesitates. Only for a few seconds though.

"Me too."

"Me three."

Nancy stands in the doorway of the bathroom, her arms crossed over her chest, creating a subtle cleavage effect. The smile on her face is cocky and seductive, and he realises as he and Steve laugh at her well timed appearance, that he's going to be getting a hell of a lot more inappropriate boners just thinking about Nancy. And Steve. And Steve and Nancy. But it looks like he'll be having a hell of a lot more fun with them too. Maybe this summer won't be so bad after all...